

BUT IT'S FAR, FAR
WORSE THAN
THAT!

The Innis Herald

Innis College - University of Toronto

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Harold Adams Innis

Supr. 85

[illegible]



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Be kind to one another.
— Ephesians 4:32



BRUTALLY HONEST AFTERTHOUGHTS

This is the *Innis Herald*. There is nothing you can do about it now. Like *Miami Vice*, it's all flash and style and skimpy on the substance. But with better scripts it can only improve. In the meantime, you have to be patient; sort through the trite and cliché-ridden gunk and you may find the occasional pearl or chuckle. A small campus paper is an exercise in impotence, exhibitionism, masturbation, and quite a bit of incest. More and willing partners can only make for a healthier, more responsive organ of the collective student body.

At this stage contributions will rarely (never) be rejected on the basis of quality. But this sad truth can change, if, suddenly, we are miraculously deluged with tons and tons and loads and mailbags full of highgrade material. Then the real editing can begin and our efforts will not have been in vain. And our smarmy slogan, "All the news that fits", that eats at our souls and keeps us up all night crying, can be ditched for eternity.

Love,
Paul and Jim

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

I.

We will provide the students of this college with a monthly paper that will tell all the news honestly.

II.

We will also provide them with a fighting and tireless champion of their rights as citizens and as human beings.

Charles F. Kane
Jim & Paul

TEN THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT INNIS NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE

1. Innis college is named after Harold Innis, a very important person.
2. Innis is twenty-one years old — technically an adult.
3. Scott Burk, this year President of SAC, went to Innis College (but not necessarily by choice).
4. It is okay to be rude and obnoxious to Fuzz¹. He deserves and expects it.
5. Never speak ill of Bart Testa² (loudly).
6. Lina Maiato³ is the lifeblood of Innis College. Should you wish to graduate, it is advised you continually complement her stylish wardrobe.
7. Innis's layout is not half as confusing as New College's.
8. "Innis is genuinely people-centred" — Mike Zryd.
9. Mike Zryd⁴ is the nicest guy in the whole world.
10. Unfortunately, we're not.

LET ME PLEASE INTRODUCE MYSELF...



Welcome!
Welcome back.

We are unique on campus because students have an equal voice in college activities. Your participation in college life is not just important, it's vital. Support the I.C.S.S.; run for a seat on college council; join a team; write for the *Herald*.

We will close our year-long twentieth birthday party on October nineteenth — come along to the final party.

If you are new to Innis, participate in Orientation week, make new friends and get to know the place.

If you are returning, remember: don't panic — the answer is 42.

Have a good year.

John W. Browne
Principal
Innis College

photo by Mike Zryd



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Review Editor
News Editor
Photography Editors

Rock Video Editor
Vlad Editor
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Richard Lautens
David Marcovitz
Pierre Charles Blum
Ken Sarner
Brian Ostroff
Michelle Bailey

PEOPLE WE HAVE TO THANK (AND IN NO PARTICULAR ORDER)

Richard Lautens
Ellan Ladowsky
Pierre Blum
Andre Czeglady
Shanti Fernando
John Lindsay
Lisa Coleman
John Browne
Audrey Perry
Lina Maiato

Michelle Bailey
M. Freiman (whenever you are)
Scott Hutchison
Art Wilson
Graham Longford
Adam Sobolak
Dava Shaw
Carla MacDonald
Barbara Kruger
Fuzz

1. The guy with the beard in the pub.
2. Cinema Studies teacher.
3. Young fashionable administrative secretary.
4. Last year's *Innis Herald* editor. This year's Managing Editor — among other things.

Who woulda thought?... Only six more to go. Yup... Special heartfelt thanks to Ellen, Mike and the pop store. May the surly clerk who works at Kinko's burn in hell forever. Thanks for the bread, butter and Coke Jimmy. Thanks for the rides home, Paul. Who woulda thought... Party at Mike's tonight.

NEW TASTE PUB

by Mike Zryd

Innis College's Stub Lane Pub, once U of T's most reputable eating place, is undergoing radical changes.

Over the past four years, while overall U of T pub revenues increased 43 percent, Innis Pub sales dropped 30 percent. Food sales attendance followed this slide. Finally, where five years ago, no article on Innis would neglect to mention the Pub, Stub Lane has recently faded into the background.

The bottom line, however, according to Alex Malcolm, U of T's Vice-President Business Affairs, was "the persistent and growing losses" the Pub had suffered financially. "We (the Administration always understood the need for work on the Pub; it's simply been a case of finding money."

Ironically, it has been the introduction of a new food service, Versa Foods, which has provided the administration with enough flexibility to implement the changes. Complaints against the quality and price of Versa food were widespread last year both from day students and Vladimir House residents, who ate under a meal plan at the Pub last year.

Malcolm estimates that \$15,000 has been spent this summer on refurbishment. Most of the changes are cosmetic, concentrating on the eating area, although an industrial microwave has been bought for the kitchen.

The major change affecting Innis students is the elimination of the meal plan, caused by the cancellation of the late afternoon suppertime meal. Vlad students have been advised to use other colleges (New or University) or use the kitchen at Vlad itself. One concern voiced by some members of the ICSS is the possible alienation of Vlad students from College affairs. Vlad/Innis relations are traditionally subdued and inroads in Vlad involvement in the last few years may be cut off by this further isolation.

As well, Pub beer-selling hours have not yet been set as both U of T and Innis administrations remain vague on Pub afternoon and evening use. According to Malcolm, the issue is "under discussion" though he stated that his office would be "responsive to student demands". The hours set in September may be a determining factor in deciding whether students have a chance to approve Innis's New Taste Pub.

SHELLEY GOES NEW YORK

by Jim Shedden

Shelley Stamp, not officially an Innis student (but one at heart), is the first recipient of the Norman Jewison Scholarship, a \$5000 prize awarded to an outstanding Cinema Studies graduate every year. Shelley is leaving her home and native land to head for New York City to study film with the likes of Annette Michelson and Jay Leyda. More than one Innis Herald editor is jealous.

The Norman Jewison Fellowship is provided through the generosity of Norman Jewison and his wife Margaret, and is open to U of T students "graduating from the Faculty of Arts and Science with a specialist or major in Cinema Studies, and proceeding to do further study in film."

If you'd like to apply for this enormous sum, forms are available in room 233 of Innis or from the Registrar's office. Faculty members may also nominate students for the award.

We'll miss Shelley but, with any luck, we won't be losing a classmate but gaining a NY correspondent.

SUMMER CHANGES EVERYTHING

by Mike Zryd

The long-overdue return of Dennis Duffy headlines the list of personnel changes Innis experienced over the summer. On unpaid leave from Trinity College, Dennis, principal of Innis 1981-1984, will again be taking up residence in the Innis building to advise and amaze his friends and students.

Environmental Studies has a new Acting Director filling in for the absent Anne Whyte. Isabel Heathcote, from the Ministry of the Environment, begins a one-year term substituting for Rick Wetzler, last year's Acting Director. Rick is currently at the University of Connecticut.

Heathcote came to the Ministry after completing her undergraduate degree at U of T and her M.A. and Ph.D. at Yale; at the Ministry, she was responsible for running the Great Lakes investigation unit. When asked of her goals for the coming year, Heathcote responded, "I'd like to concentrate on the application of ecology to real problems...and maybe teach students the importance of doubt in their practical work."

In other changes, Pat Petersen will this year be taking on INI 206Y, Power and Strategy in City Politics I, in addition to the Environmental Studies Seminar. Janet Howard, last year's instructor, has left the college to follow up more work in law.

Tom Rassos will be this year's Commerce tutor, replacing Brian Ludmer.

Innis was active academically this summer as Bart Testa taught, for the first time, a summer session of INI 112Y, Introduction to Cinema Studies.

The administrative offices have seen some changes. Cloria Zangari is now permanently installed in the residence office while Nancy Hornell has left Innis to go to the Biochemistry department. Nan Owusu, from Simcoe Hall, takes over from Denise Spry as the receptionist.

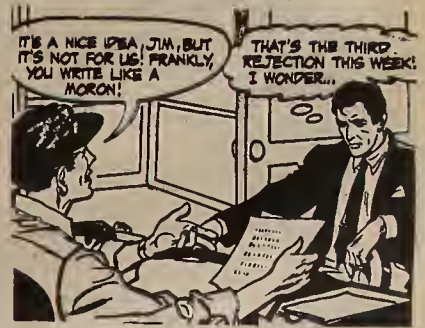
Finally, Principal's Administrative Assistant Audrey Perry has been appointed to the university's main fundraising arm, The Varsity Board. She hopes this will further Innis College's profile in the university administration, continuing the work she has done for the Campus and Community Affairs Committee of Governing Council. This will be Audrey's last year on that committee.

CONTEST

The Innis Herald

Mike hates it. Paul doesn't think it's 'eighties' enough. Jim sorta likes it from a distance. What do you think? As an ideological state apparatus with a heart, the Innis Herald takes a risk with participatory democracy by asking you to redesign our front-page logo. Submissions must be done neatly in black marker (or preferably in Letraset) on an 8-1/2" by 11" sheet of blank paper. If we like it, we'll use it — and you'll bask in the glory of well-deserved pride and respect of your peers — And Jim will buy you a case of beer (preferably not Carling O'Keefe which operates in South Africa). If no one responds, or we hate all the entries, we've, and you'll have to live with it. Send your masterpiece to THE INNIS HERALD, INNIS COLLEGE, 2 SUSSEX AVENUE, TORONTO, ONTARIO, M5S 1J5 or drop it off at Room 305, Innis College. Offer open to all U of T students, or anyone else.

Writers!



At the Innis Herald, this won't happen to you.

We Need:

Editorial cartoonists
Distribution manager
Features editor
Environmental
Studies reporter
Urban Studies
reporter
Religion editor
Women's issues
editor
Gay and Lesbian
issues editor
Record reviewers
Slaves

Writers, cartoonists and graphic artists are encouraged to drop by our office (305 in Old Innis — see the snazzy map) to stand up and be counted. If we can't be reached at the office, by phone (978-4748), then we're sure to be in the pub wasting time.

letters

The Innis Herald has an open letters policy. Please ensure that letters are typed (double spaced), signed (with telephone number) and free from sexist, racist, homophobic, agist, libellous or just plain dumb content; letters may be edited or rejected on these grounds or undue length. Opinions expressed in letters, like all submissions, are attributable only to their authors; no liability is attached to the Innis Herald, the Innis College Student Society or to the publisher.

Dear Jim,
Called the comic book store and they said you'd be here. But you weren't. I waited for an hour and a half. André came by and submitted three articles. I unfortunately could only complete one. I'll do the one on Chomsky as soon as possible. I have to study for my exam. Also, I hope you and Paul are not offended by my article. It's just a joke. I really don't think you are intellectual winners, I truly believe you are sensitive individuals.

I'll call later
Love
Ellen

P.S. Wendy and Scott called and I'm pretty damn tired of being your secretary.



Letters
to
Lina

Dear Lina,
I can't understand why 'goldenrod' is the new fall colour. It doesn't go with anything.
Signed,
Fashion Victim

Dear Victim,
You're at Innis now, dear. No one cares.
...

Dear Lina,
I'm new at Innis, and when I told my friends I had chosen Innis over all the other colleges (first on my list!) they all looked at me with contempt and disgust. Why Lina, is there something wrong with Innis?
Signed,
Frosh Person

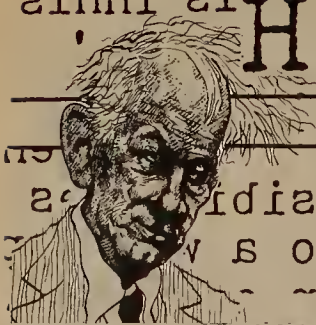
Dear Person,
There is nothing wrong with Innis. There is of course something very wrong with you — why do you hang around such obviously inconsiderate clods who are clearly jealous of your fine choice?
...

Dear Lina,
People keep telling me I should die. What should I do?
Signed,
Maligned in Print

Dear John Lindsay,
Die.

Harold Innis

FOR BEGINNERS



by M. Freiman

From the Innis Herald Archives
"Who the hell was Harold Innis?" The opening lines of the Innis College song is an accurate and pointed reflection of the current awareness of Innis' thought.

Like a number of important Twentieth Century thinkers, Innis is largely unread today, with his reputation depending largely on cocktail-party type name dropping, which tends to identify Innis either as an alter ego for Marshall McLuhan (himself largely unread and widely misunderstood) or as a nationalist economic historian who wrote about beavers and codfish.

Even among academics (who presumably have read his works) Innis is cited to bolster startlingly diverse and mutually contradictory positions. Apparently there is a "technological determinist" Innis, a "staples theory" Innis, an "economic nationalist" Innis, an "oral tradition" Innis, a "value theorist" Innis, and several others besides.

One important recent article draws close parallels between Innis' approach and that of Marx, while another—perhaps less distinguished—article identifies him as a disciple of Adam Smith. One line of argument quotes Innis to establish the need for domestic economic sovereignty, while another assumes that a necessary implication of his work is the impossibility of effective Canadian national sovereignty in an era of electronic communications. The explicators of the early, "political economist" Innis plead theoretical incompetence to deal with the "later" communications theorist, while those who cite the work on communications have apparently either never heard of Innis' work in Canadian economic history, or consider it irrelevant.

The kind of understanding of social processes which Innis achieved is not shared by other historians. Innis is unique in having been the first to apply the possibilities of pattern recognition to a wired planet burdened by information overload.

Marshall McLuhan

So who the hell was Harold Innis?

In his recently completed doctoral thesis, John Watson, who was formerly associated with Innis College and is now working in Africa, appears to provide a challenging and useful answer to those who ask the question seriously.

Even before its completion, Watson's thesis began to acquire something of an underground reputation as a landmark study. That reputation is fully deserved. When the thesis is published—as it inevitably will be—it will force a general re-examination of much if not most of the current thinking about Innis.

At the centre of Watson's thesis is the proposition that Innis' work is not fragmented, diffuse or unfocused. Watson sees Innis' entire work as coherent, consistent and unified. The unifying factor is to be found in the relationship between Innis' work and his biography, specifically with reference to his position as a "marginal man"—marginal because Innis was Canadian, marginal because his family was rural and Baptist, marginal because he was an academic intellectual.

Adopting the Sartrean concept of the "project," Watson sees Innis' life and work as an attempt to make sense of the world from this marginal perspective, and (if I understand Watson's argument correctly) to make this marginality "central." By this I mean that Innis' work appears to make a marginal position (and an acceptance of this marginality) a prerequisite for an understanding not only of the margin itself, but also of the centre of metropolis. In its boldest form, this proposition would translate into an assertion that not only is it impossible to understand Canada and Canadian history except by using theories whose origin is in the Canadian experience (this is Innis' argument in *The Study of Economic History in Canada*, an early work) but also that it is impossible to acquire any wisdom about the "metropolis" except from an intellectual position at the periphery of that metropolis (his argument in *Minerva's Owl*, a late work).

If Watson is right—and clearly there will be considerable debate as to whether he is—then it is possible to see a

unifying thread running through all of Innis' writing, and also throughout his involvement in academic politics in the Department of Political Economy and the School of Graduate Studies at University of Toronto. The "Early Innis" uses a specific economic methodology adapted from Canada's distinctive experience (the so-called "staples theory") to explicate Canadian history and development. Institutionally, he insists that Canada must develop in its own intellectual tradition and that this depends on staffing Canadian Universities with Canadian academics. Building on these positions, Innis' writing then begins to focus on the interaction of Canada (and similar marginal societies) with the metropolis. In view of the unfortunate effects (both intellectual and practical) of metropolis-oriented theories and of the economics that produce them, Innis proposes an older, non-pragmatic, "balanced" intellectual tradition of Greece.

From here it is a relatively short step to an application of some of the conceptual tools which had earlier been applied to the Canadian reality (e.g. the influence of geography, climate, technology etc.) to a study of this oral tradition, its predecessors and successors. This study culminates in Innis' linking of the technological characteristics of the dominant means of communication of a given society to the "bias" of this communication, and hence to what a sociologist of knowledge would call the "world view" or "intellectual hegemony" of that society.

The further contention that it is only through the study of these "biases"—a study which is only possible at the margins of power—that the distortions caused by these biases can be understood and possibly corrected, brings the entire argument full circle and focuses attention back squarely on Canada and on the University. It also illuminates the significance of Innis' struggles as Director of the School of Graduate Studies and as Chairman of the Department of Political Economy to make the University of Toronto a world class institution.

This schematic and over-simplified outline is mine, not Watson's and any defects should not be attributed to him. Watson's is a much more detailed and elegant exposition. It spans several hundred pages of careful, closely argued

presentation, integrating a much wider range of Innis' intellectual interests and institutional activities (as well as details of his personal biography) into the pattern of his "project".

There is certainly room to disagree with Watson about individual contentions and conclusions, but the overall pattern which he presents is massively persuasive. If nothing else, it makes it virtually impossible to justify the partial, disjointed, and consequently often dismissive, readings of Innis which now occupy much of the field. It also makes it difficult even for those academics who are generally well-disposed towards Innis' position either with regard to political economy or with regard to communications theory, to continue to ignore the "other half" of Innis' work. Economic nationalists who place themselves in the Innisian tradition will be hardpressed to continue to ignore the implications of the "later Innis". Even more decisively, "global villagers" who purpose to trace their arguments through McLuhan back to Innis will find themselves faced with fundamental difficulties arising from the totality of Innis' work. It seems clear that this is a work that will cause many academic ripples.

Whether any of this will filter down to the level of cocktail-party name dropping is perhaps open to question. If Watson's thesis sets off a chain of re-examinations both of Innis' work and of its relevance to current issues in history, economics, culture and communications, more students in more classes may find themselves actually reading Innis. On the other hand if Innis' pessimistic predictions about the fate of his concept of the University tradition prove valid (and certainly little that has happened in the years since Innis' death has contradicted these predictions) then a unified and coherent Innis may prove to be no more "practical" or "popular" than a fragmented one. In that case "Who the hell was Harold Innis?" will become a hostile challenge to the Innisian tradition rather than an honest question about it.

Professor Freiman taught an INI course, *The Life and Thought of Harold Innis*.

Works by Harold Innis:

Empire and Communications. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1972

The Bias of Communication. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1951.

The Strategy of Culture. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1952.

Essays in Canadian Economic History. Edited by Mary Q. Innis. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1956.

A History of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1971.

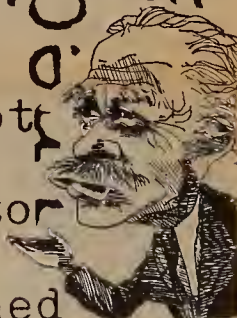
The Fur Trade In Canada. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1930.

The Cod Fisheries. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1942.

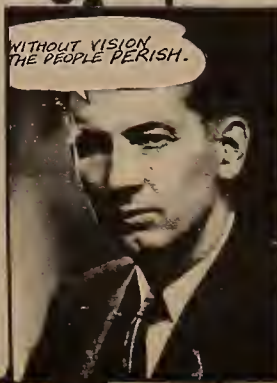
The Idea File of Harold Adams Innis. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1980.

Innis On Russia: The "Russian Diary" and Other Writings. Harold Innis Foundation.

There are several books, essays and PhD theses on Innis. The most interesting of these is Arthur Kroger's *Technology and the Canadian Mind* (Montreal: New World Perspectives, 1984), an essay comparing Canada's three key writers on technology—George Grant, Marshall McLuhan and Harold Innis. Jim recommends it.



WITHOUT VISION
THE PEOPLE PERISH.



random thoughts★

by PDP

"Reactionary" is an ugly, vulgar word one should refrain from using in polite conversation anymore. However, infinitely more vulgar Reaganite spectacle deserves a correspondingly shrill and uninspired leftist critique. The summer of '85 has provided us with a number of benchmark marks of the retrograde 80s, the equivalents of Woodstock and peace marches in pop culture iconography — and I'm not talking about the five minute Live Aid interlude. Three cases spring instantly to mind. Take the predictable media-orchestrated response to New Taste Coke. The overwhelmingly negative reaction, like a trained Pavlovian response, typifies in large the blind resistance to any change whatsoever, be it social or added sweetener — a supremely self-conscious and cynical refusal, the ugly "No" beneath the sunny veneer of Reagan's reawakened America. Tamper with the 'real thing', and there's gonna be trouble. And then in the best post-mod fashion, we're presented with the restoration of the phallus in 'Classic Coke', the stirring triumph of democracy (and the market economy) through the nostalgic recycling of our own glorious collective past.

Ramba: First Blood II needs no further commentary as an example of painfully clear, capital R Reaction. Like all great 'left-wing camp' films, it goes out of its way to provoke the ire of lily-livered liberals, but its enormous

popularity and terrifying rewriting of history should stir more than nervous laughter in progressive quarters. Then again, the New Right's guerilla-hero shares all the excesses of his sixties counterpart, flaunting his individualist morality in the guise of an elevated collective morality with patriotism substituted for hippy-dippy one-worldism. Left and right-wing American culture heroes, as always, remain uniquely American in this regard.

Finally, after you've finished consuming *Back to the Future*, an utterly innocuous bit of subversive fluff, reflect a moment upon the truly disturbing ending. Talk about re-writing history — first, the particularly noxious conceit that a white boy 'accidentally' invents rock'n'roll by 'inspiring' Chuck Berry (sounds familiar), then Michael J. Fox, the sharp-tongued neo-con heartthrob of *Family Ties*, as Marty McFly, happily discards his own imperfect mom and dad for new and improved, upscale parental units, and gets a new pick-up out of the deal. Frankly, I'm scared. An ineffectual father I can live with — a hipper-than-I-am Daddy-O terrifies me.

(Herald readers are invited to send their Random Thoughts on life in the fast-paced eighties for publication. As always, send such contributions (typed, double spaced, literate) to Innis College, 2 Sussex, Toronto, Ont., M5S 1J5, or bring them up to room 305.)

HOW GODLY ARE WE? OUR PEOPLE ARE AFTER LUXURY, FUN AND ENTERTAINMENT. OUR SYSTEM IS HONEYCOMBED WITH CORRUPTION, HOMOSEXUALITY, INCEST, WITCHCRAFT AND CRIME. WHOOPS — THAT SOUNDS JUST LIKE ANCIENT ROME.



PATRIOTISM IS A JOKE — THE DOLLAR IS DYING — RUSSIA HAS OVERTAKEN US MILITARILY — OUR POPULATION IS DEFENSELESS AND THE SMELL OF WAR IS IN THE AIR . . .

THIS TIME THE U.S. WILL FEEL THE STING OF GOD'S AWFUL JUDGMENT.

FILM BOARD STARTS SEASON

by Lisa Coleman

Notice to all cinema studies students and cinephiles in general:

If you are a frustrated filmmaker who feels it is time to put film theory into practice, and who longs to grip raw celluloid between teeth and paws — then sit up and take notice! A portion of your student fees supports Hart House. The House is devoted to supporting extra-curricular activities, and the improvement of student life in general. Perhaps you already enjoy some of the many facilities available to you at Hart House, ranging from athletic facilities, comfortable reading rooms, the Arbor Room, the Hart Beat pub, the library, etc... But mainly the House supports student clubs such as Archery, Bridge, Farm, Music, Radio etc... Though from our point of view the most vibrant, vital and valuable club is naturally THE HART HOUSE FILM BOARD!

The Board is devoted to the practice and appreciation of filmmaking. Membership is available through the programme office at Hart House, and is open to all U. OF T. students with valid I.D. cards, and alumni who are members of Hart House. The membership fee is merely \$5.00. Members have access to the club's hub, the Film Editing Room (located on the second floor of the House), and the collection of Super-8 and 16MM film equipment. Members are also encouraged to submit film proposals as the Board grants funding toward the purchase of filmstock. The Board sponsors open screenings throughout the year to provide a showcase for U. of T. filmmakers, and hosts a film contest each spring. Last year 200 people showed up for the contest's gala screening and prize presentation. Membership grew to 47 last year, 20 of whom were active filmmaking members, and the contest received 17 submissions! The Film Board holds open meetings once a month, and keeps members informed through a newsletter. The Board also operates a film information file with data on film schools, film grant programmes and film festivals open to student films around the world. Last year some members even saw their productions aired on television.

The first meeting in the new academic year is scheduled for Friday, September 20th at 6pm at Hart

House. The following positions will be open to all members in the coming year: Chairman, Equipment Curator, Information Officer, Secretary, Newsletter Editor, Publicist, Photographer, Projectionist, and Contest Co-ordinator.

If you are a novice filmmaker the Board is an excellent opportunity for you to meet people who are actively producing films. Members welcome helpers for the various aspects of film production, and filmmaking seminars are run by the Curator. So don't just whimper and itch to make the next great Canadian film! Join the Hart House Film Board TODAY!

RECIPE

PEACHES CHANTILLY

1 (125gm) pkg. cream cheese
¼ tsp. almond extract
1 tbsp. sugar
2 tbsps. milk
½ cup whipping cream, whipped
6 peaches

Combine cream cheese, almond extract, sugar and milk, and beat until smooth. Fold in whipped cream. Chill.

Just before serving, peel peaches, cut in half and pit. Place 2 peach halves in each dessert dish and top with cream mixture.

Makes six servings.

THE LITTLE PAPER THAT GOT LITTler

GRADUATION AWARDS

E.M. Davidson Award
Not Awarded,
June 1985

Governor General's
Medal
Allison Elizabeth Weir

Innis College Medal
Vesta Catharine Bovair
Sandy Finkelstein
Juanita Debarros
Jeffrey Ian Ross
Bradley Terence Green
Joel Howard Kwinter
Suleyman Faruk Fattah

INCOURSE AWARDS

Harold Innis
Foundation Scholarship
Cecilia Louise Morgan

Innis College Alumni
Scholarship
to be awarded
in October

T.A. Reed Award
Pierre Charles Blum

James A. Priestley
Scholarship
Michael Richard Sues
Eric Michael Mullerbeck
Michael John Powers

Cecile Caudreault

Winifred Florence
Hughes Scholarship
Jutta Winternitz
Mary Anne Buttigieg
Ajay Jagota
Cordon Man Kit Lo
Lubomir Cipin

Rhea V. Scott
Scholarship
Frank Joseph McLaughlin
Almut Sophia Vogel
Cerald Keith Brown

Book Prizes:
\$25 book prize
WINTERNITZ, Julia
JACOTA, Ajay
BUTTIGIEC,

Mary Anne
LO, Cordon Man Kit
McCAFFREY, Michael
James
CIPIN, Lubomir
SUES, Michael Richard
MULLERBECK, Eric
Michael

ZRYD, Michael
John Powers
CAUDREAULT, Cecile
McCORMICK, Bryan
Allan
McLAUCHLIN, Frank
Joseph
REDDYHOFF, Gillian
Ann

TANG, Kwok Wah
VOCEL, Almut Sophia
BROWN, Gerald Keith
BOVAIR, Vesta

Catherine
FINKELSTEIN, Sandy
HUNTER, Alison Fiona
JETLY, Sunil
NEBESIO, Bohdan
REINHARDT, Edmund
PAUL, Vic
COMOR, Emily
ROLPH, Linda

Marlotte
KROCH, Eric T.
DECTER, Richard
Charles

ROBERTSON,
Carey E.A.
COMOR, Edward
ANDREW, Fiona Mhari
CHUNG, Yee Hiong
LEWTHWAITE, Susan
Dawson

MORGAN, Cecilia
Louise
FULLER, Cordon
McCLURE, Regan,
Alexandra

PETTEM, Anne
Elizabeth
SHAW, David Martin
SANKEY, Christopher
Lloyd

HEIPEL, Robert Rhys
LOO, Ting Loong
WIRSIC, Denise Ann
TOOKER, Mark
William
HEIKE, Catherine Ann
LI, Charles Hon Chui

PART-TIME AWARDS

Later Life Learning
Linda Ann Ozin

James A. Priestley
Rhea V. Scott

Winifred Florence
Hughes
Susan Lynn Prentice

Rhea V. Scott
Scholarship
Hiroto Takamiya

Winifred Florence
Hughes Scholarship
Gillian Abernathy

Barker



"Spider-Man Wouldn't Date Girls!"

THE ARTS IN TORONTO

by Ellen Ladowsky

Discussion of the Arts in Toronto has been dominated by the question of public funding. It has given rise to a debate that raged throughout the recession and has recently come to a head with the controversial policies of the new P.C. government in Ottawa. On one side of the issue stand fiscally-oriented Conservatives and frustrated tax-payers who believe that public monies allotted to the Arts are a relative luxury, one which can be ill-afforded in these hard economic times. They go on to claim that the Arts are best served in the long run by private patronage, and point to the American Arts scene as a model. This private patronage flourishes with a healthy economy, and a healthy economy, so the argument goes, is produced by responsible government spending and, above all, by reduction of the deficit. A government that spends less and more selectively has precious little to spend on the Arts. Some go on further to claim that the Arts are in such a healthy, flourishing state that they can survive the dramatic cuts envisioned and weather the anticipated hiatus period before private support picks up. They also argue that existing facilities for the Arts are more than adequate and that no major and expensive improvements are necessary. In this belt-tightening climate, some individuals whose top priority is social welfare in its most fundamental sense find themselves standing uneasily on the side of the budget cutters. With the public purse shrinking, this group feels that health, housing, and technical education must take priority over the Arts. Canadians should be housed and fed, supported when out of work, and taught to build computers and run space stations before they should be allowed to build up the Arts with government money.

On the other side of the fence in this heated debate are those who see reliance on private support as suicidal, and who see the Arts as a vital priority for the improvement of Canadian life, as important for the social welfare in the broadest sense as scientific research projects and housing. According to these people, the Canadian private sector is too small and too niggardly to maintain flourishing and uniquely Canadian Arts. For them the Arts in Canada need government support to survive; and if that support is curtailed the arts will be irreparably damaged at this the very moment that they have begun to bloom. Genuinely Canadian Arts need to be cared for like saplings, with government money providing the hothouse. Funding cuts will make the poverty-stricken Arts hard to find and sterile once found, especially for a new generation of young people now ready to develop a love of the Arts. It will send a vote of nonconfidence to talented young Canadians interested in the Arts. In short, it will deprive young and ambitious students of access to and the benefit of the Arts in Canada.

"For all arguments in favour of public funding for the Arts in Toronto crumble before the concrete evidence I have assembled below."

As a young Canadian student, I feel it necessary to add my voice to the fray. It is after all my generation who will be most greatly affected one way or the other by the outcome of the present debate. The decisions made by those in power today will have a long term impact on the Arts and on my relationship to them. At the outset, one thing is certain; the doomsayers warnings have proven incorrect. In the wake of the first budget cuts, the Arts remain accessible to students resourceful and determined enough to seek them out—which was precisely what I did. And having found the Arts, having done extensive research on them, and having pondered their fate long and hard, I have found myself in a surprising position: staunchly on the side of the budget cutters and uniformly hostile to the arguments in defense of public funding. It is a strange position for a student but one which I was drawn to inexorably. For all arguments in favour of public funding for the Arts in Toronto crumble before the concrete evidence I have assembled below.

Any informed discussion of the Arts in this city must begin with a strong factual foundation: the who, what, where, when, and why of the Arts question. The who is straightforward enough. There are presently fourteen Arts in Toronto: Wendy, Martin, Ilsa, Harry, Michael A., Michael T., Rien, Susan, Mark, Joanie, Kathy, Ingrid, Jim, and Stephen. This list must be qualified somewhat. For all but Joanie, Kathy, and Ingrid are legitimate Arts, these three having assumed the surname through marriage. The current telephone directory also revealed David and Phillip Art who are, properly speaking, outside the realm of this study. One can then speak safely of eleven Arts in Toronto.

They are a diverse group and to ignore their idiosyncracies is to fall into the realm of banal generalizations. There are the performing Arts: Susan and Ilsa. The former is a budding actress who last year played in The Toronto Workshop's production of Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*. The latter has been second alto-soprano of the People's Church *Acappella* choir for the last three years. Martin is a carpenter, which places him firmly in the ranks of the industrial Arts. "I can fix anything," he boasts, "and my prices are competitive." Rien, an artist clad in black leather and possessing "burnt orange, not

red" hair is undoubtedly one of the modern Arts. Harry, by contrast, has been a successful businessman for twenty years, a member of the local Chamber Commerce, and a member of Toronto's prestigious Badminton and Racquet Club, and thus is one of the established Arts. The liberal Arts are represented by Michael T. who worked on David Peterson's recent campaign and the popular Arts by Wendy. In fact Wendy is so popular that it was difficult to reach her. And when finally contacted, she was not available to answer my questionnaire. "I've got some people over now and I'm busy for the next few days. Try Monday if you really need me. Ciao," was how she hung up the phone.

The family history of this varied group is interesting of its own accord and most illuminating for any discussion of the contemporary Arts in Toronto. The great cradle of the Arts was a rural region of the Netherlands stretching from the outskirts of Groningen to the banks of the North Sea. It was in this rocky and picturesque clime that the Arts were born. It was from here that they travelled to the New World, not long ago and by sailing ship but after the war and by airplane. In fact, in 1955



there simply were no Arts in Toronto. Martin, for his part, made the journey "because jobs were scarce in (his) village and opportunities for carpenters in Toronto very good." Wendy followed a Canadian boyfriend she met in Holland back to Toronto. "Even after Gordie and I split up, I decided to stay on in Toronto with the new friends I had made." Several of the Arts have come to Toronto in the last few years. Twenty-two year old Michael Arts came to Toronto last year via Barrie while thirty-five year old Susan came directly from Holland in 1983. These new arrivals coupled with several child-producing marriages and no family deaths have resulted in a steady growth of the Arts. From five families in 1980 to eight in 1984, the Arts appear vibrant and on the rise. In the months since the budget cutting measures were introduced, the strength of the Arts in Toronto has shown no sign of weakening. On the contrary, Michael A. last week announced plans to bring his aging mother and father and younger sister to the city "as soon as they can sell their farm and settle their affairs back home." Far from chasing the Arts south, the cutbacks have instead attracted more of them west.

Closely related to the strength of the Arts is the question of their health and again the news is bright. When asked to rate the physical condition of themselves and their families, five out of seven respondents selected the good to excellent category. In fairness however it should be pointed out that Harry Arts did recently undergo a hernia operation at the Shouldice clinic and Kathy Arts is presently suffering from strep throat, but they are the exceptions rather than the rule, and their ailments are minor. It would be folly to jump to the conclusion that the Arts have suffered greatly during the period of budget cutting. In this regard, it should be noted that Harry Arts' recovery has been rapid and complete. It took place only months after the cutbacks and significantly in a private hospital. Four months after the event, Harry Arts is in tip top shape, jogging and attending aerobics class regularly.

"The defenders of public funding have prophesized the long-term destruction of Toronto's Arts with apocalyptic fervor; these fears are alien in every way to the sentiments of the Arts themselves."

The defenders of public funding have prophesized the long-term destruction of Toronto's Arts with apocalyptic fervor; these fears are alien in every way to the sentiments of the Arts themselves. The group in question was uniformly optimistic about their survival and their future in general. Eighty-five was the median age to which the Arts expected to live, with sixty-five year old Harry himself predicting thirty-five more years of plenty ahead. Good health and sunny days are what the Arts see on the horizon; the storm clouds of their so-called defenders are nowhere in sight.

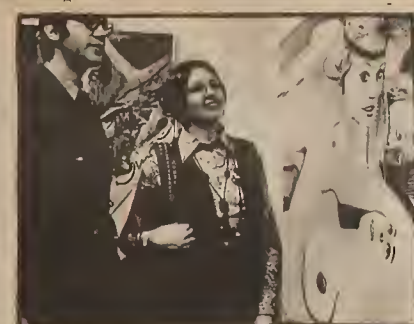
The supporters of public funding are wrong and the budget slashers correct in another respect. Facilities for the Arts in Toronto are excellent, extensive, and well-maintained. They show no signs of deterioration and require no major expenditures for repairs. Six of the Arts families possess lighted tennis courts, indoor swimming pools, and parks which monitor children's programs within easy walking distance of their homes. One respondent, Martin, spends every Sunday with his son

Stephen making use of the cycling paths in their neighborhood ravine and Rien, an avid movie fan, spends much of his time in four nearby theatres. There were no complaints about the availability or quality of daycare, little leagues, or health clubs either. Transportation facilities were more than adequate. Eight of the Arts relied on the T.T.C. daily and four weekly. In short, the facilities for the Arts in their own estimation are more than satisfactory. New construction and expensive renovations funded by the public purse are unwanted and unnecessary.

The neighbourhoods in which these Arts live are not only endowed with ample facilities but with a decent police force as well. The belief, held by those in favour of public spending, that the Arts are threatened is absolutely unfounded. None of the Arts have ever been threatened either over the telephone or in person, at home or at school. Not one has ever received a prank phonecall where the caller did anything more than breath. Only Michael A. and seven year old Stephen had ever been victims of crime; and the burglars who broke into the home of the former left without taking a thing and the neighbours' child who relieved Stephen of his popsicle by force was caught and reprimanded by his mother. Further none of the Arts was able to name any part of the city where they would not walk late at night with confidence and none carried defensive weapons of any kind. They are convinced that their neighbourhoods and the city in which they reside are safe. The Arts in Toronto do not display any more signs of being threatened than they do of being wiped away through shrinking numbers, poor health, or inferior facilities.

"In reality, the role of public funding is neither large nor pivotal."

Likewise, their image abroad which so many defenders of public funding emphasize has shown no sign of being tarnished by the recent budget cuts. The Arts have continued to act as good-will ambassadors for Toronto and their reception has been consistently warm and friendly. Michael A. returned to Holland only last month and was greeted as warmly as ever. Susan travelled through Europe last summer and got on "simply splendidly, especially once people found out I wasn't American." The international image of Toronto's Arts is then intact, untarnished and perhaps enhanced by the new legislation.



There are a wide variety of Arts in Toronto.

The question of bilingualism and the Arts has been raised in the debate, with public funding's supporters claiming the need for increased expenditures to encourage multilingual Arts. Such funding is wholly unnecessary. The Arts are already completely bilingual, all of the adults speaking Dutch and English fluently and the children speak French in an elementary school immersion program. Again, where the public funding people see a problem there is none.


The defenders of public funding have also issued grave warnings about the reduced impact of the privatized Arts. They foresee an immediate and dramatic reduction in this regard. In actual fact the impact of the Arts can be measured in two ways: in kilopascals or pounds per square inch. In either case their impact has not diminished in any way since the Conservative government's actions. Several of the Arts have in fact gained weight without getting any taller thus actually increasing their density and impact.

The true heart of the opposition's argument against privatization is the claim that public funding has occupied a vital and enormous role in support of the Arts, that removal of that support would bring the whole Arts community tumbling down. In reality the role of public funding is neither large nor pivotal. None of the Arts have ever received unemployment insurance or have ever been on the public payroll as employees of the government or Crown corporations. With their health so good, none have made use of O.H.I.P. during the last three years. Even publicly funded schools have been shunned; the Arts in the school system, Mark, Stephen, and Jim all attend private catholic schools. Ironically, with public funding for separate schools introduced the

continued on p. 12

orientation '85

SEPTEMBER

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
1	2	3 Registration Tours → Innietation 85 t-shirts and hats on sale. Choose Innis. Barbecue We heat up the barbecue pits at 1 pm and continue until 6 or 7 pm.	4 →	5 →	6 Moonbell The push-off (like a kick-off) for moonbell is Friday noon — players meet at Innis where teams will be chosen. Farm. Rides provided. Departure time is 2 pm. Meet before 2 in the pit. Return Saturday night or late Sunday afternoon.	7 Farm
8 Farm	9 Soccer Game Pick-up soccer begins 4 pm — late entries welcome. Meet in the pit 3:45. We leave for the baseball game 5:30 pm. Public transit is so bring your \$1.80 to cover costs...	10 Pub Crawl Meet at pub 8 pm to organize teams and get a list of rules and maps. This event continues all night (and morning). Do not bring your car; we won't allow it and you won't need it.	11 Scavenger Hunt Meet in the pit at 7:15. All-night film Films begin at 9:00 and continue until 5:00. After an hour or two of sleep, we'll eat breakfast and begin classes.	12 Live Entertainment Begins in the pub at 8 pm. We invite you to stand up and show us your talents.	13 Varsity Football / Campus Party Tour Tickets provided by Innis; meet in the pit 6 - 6:30 to pick up tickets and organize groups to hit the parties later.	14 Picnic on the talents / Party Meet at Innis (on the grass) around noon for an afternoon of fun. Meet plans will be announced during registration. Our last bash begins 8:30. Bring all your new-found friends from other colleges.
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, & THURSDAY, SEPT 3, 4 & 5

Each of these days registration will be going on (no hum). During this time we will have our acme tour guides on call to take those registering on tours of the campus and the city. This first look at everything will hopefully be a fun one with an extremely flexible timetable.

Where's the beef? It's on the Innis Green, which is behind the college, following registration when Innis provides it gratis to all hungry registrars. Impromptu football, hacky sack, frisbee, and conversation are also on the menu.

THURSDAY, SEPT 5

Innis parties are notorious. This is the first one of the year so don't miss it. And don't be shy: there are thousands who feel as alienated as you. Staying away from the party is no way to make friends. And it's certainly no way to get free food.

FRIDAY, SEPT 6

Did you ever want to push around an 8 foot soccer ball? (No, — eds.) That's what I thought: well, now's your chance. It's moonball at the U of T campus. Hordes of people attempt to push around this huge ball while others are pushing it in a different direction. Hey, it's fun and looks like it's right out of a bad beer commercial so don't miss it. Immediately after this moonball game it's time to go to the Innis Farm. This is one of the main events of Orientation — an event we repeat about half a dozen times throughout the year. Transportation is provided and there's no charge for first year students (and almost none for anyone else).

SATURDAY, SEPT 7

On Saturday September 7, for those of you who don't make it to the farm weekend, and for those of you who

want to return early (or temporarily) there'll be a film at Innis. It'll start at 8 p.m. in the Innis Hall and the film this time will be *The Road Warrior*, the second film in the Mad Max trilogy. See the strange rites of the cult of Humungous, lord of the Wasteland. See Mel Gibson's funky leather robe (encrusted dirt is in this year). Immediately after the film, we're returning to the farm so don't get too comfortable.

MONDAY, SEPT 9

After your first day of classes, if you're not completely traumatized, there will be an afternoon soccer game — no athletes allowed. This is also to get you in the sporting mood for the baseball game at night. How 'bout those Blue Jays? Who are the Detroit Tigers anyway? We went out and reserved 80 seats so we can go and watch our team whip 'em. Dinner will be either bring your own or buy-it-there.

TUESDAY, SEPT 10

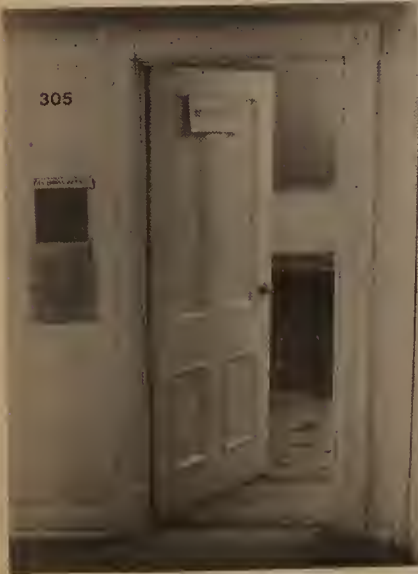
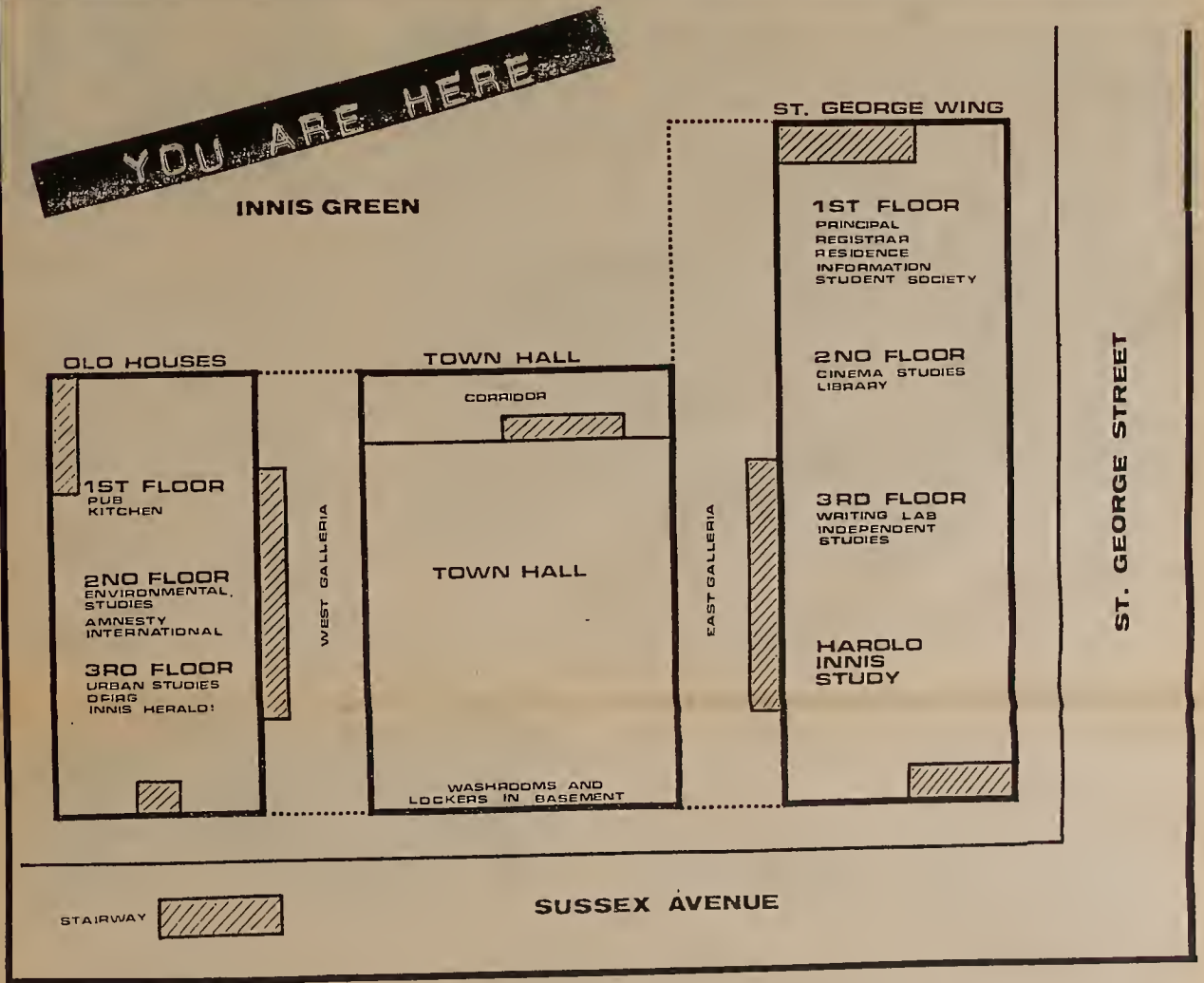
The pub crawl is another notorious campus activity. Newcomers to the city — as well as long-time residents — deserve a taste of the myriad watering holes surrounding the university. You've never been to the Brunswick, the Pilot or the Madison? You have now. There'll be points for pop, milk, coffee and so forth for underage students and those who don't indulge in sin must come out to support their team.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT 11

In the early evening we will be having a scavenger hunt, relay thing. This is just in case you haven't got lost enough in our college yet. The direct descendants of Merlin himself have designed an evil hunt through the halls of Innis to collect tidbits of information. Once you have run the course you will never get lost again (until you have a class at New College). Prizes will be awarded.



Welcome to hell, comrade



by John Lindsay

In its continued effort to keep you supplied with sensory stimulation, the Innis College Student Society has graciously provided the spiritual and financial support for a night of Free films! Yes, you extraordinarily lucky people, you can believe your eyes. Bring them along with you to Town Hall on Wednesday September 11. Bring your pillow; bring your sleeping bag; bring the whole gang.

Things will kick off around nine o'clock. With our usual perverseness, we've selected acknowledged cult classics. First up is *Casablanca*, everyone's mother's favourite film. Next will be *Animal House*, which exhibits that great paradox of the cinema — a dead man being funny. Then, to wake everyone up, we've got *The Hills Have Eyes*: "Family on a camping trip is harassed by savage cannibalistic mutants". The screaming should take up where the caffeine leaves off. Last is Monty Python's *And Now For Something Completely Different*. We'll laugh our way into the dawn. This perfect evening/morning will be capped with breakfast at McDonalds on our President's tab. Thanks Art, I'll toast you with my Sausage McMuffin™.

It's gonna be a good time. I'll be doing the projection, so come on up to the booth and say hello. Be there or die. Please.

THURSDAY, SEPT 12

Stub Lane Pub (the Innis pub) is the scene for a night of live entertainment. We're bringing in real live musicians and comedians from Yuk Yuk's to show their wares to the people of Innis. Beer and coffee will be available of course.

FRIDAY, SEPT 13

Starting around 7:30 pm in the Varsity Blues are playing in our own Varsity Stadium, and we are going en masse to see them. Immediately following the game is a tour of the various parties around the campus, frats, colleges, etc. We will head out in small groups to "do the parties".

SATURDAY, SEPT 14

The last day of events. We start the day with a picnic on the Island. A great chance to feed the ants.

This is the night of our last event — another party in the pub. This might be your last chance to have any fun until you get your B.A. And then you have to get a job. So don't miss it.

If you have any questions regarding Orientation, feel free to call the following people:

Co-chairman of Orientation	Richard Lautens	921-2997
Co-chairman of Orientation	David Marcovitz	221-3535
President of the I.C.S.S.	Arthur Wilson	962-5018
Knowledgeable Innis Student	Michelle Bailly	978-3557



review

by Carla MacDonald

HEY YOU!

Ceci, c'est un film society.

And it's yours, O Innis Novitiate, so welcome to the club!

But what the hell is it, right? Right. Well, it's a world-renowned (surely you've heard of it) student-run organization funded graciously by the ICSS, whose raison d'être is to provide U of T with an opportunity to see a variety of different kinds of films, most of which don't make it on the repertory scene. According to last year's *Herald* eclecticism (and often eccentricity) marks the ICFS as an original in the glut of campus film societies. And, as Tom Robinson noted, if it's there in the paper, it must be the truth.

To take last year's schedule as an example, the Thursday evening screenings ranged from educational to whimsically cultish. British filmmaker Peter Greenaway brought his admirable *The Draughtsman's Contract* along for a screening and discussion, and the highly-regarded film critic Robin Wood showed us the dubious (to my roomie, anyway) Oedipal structure behind Martin Scorsese's *The King of Comedy*. On the cultish end of the stick was a Marilyn Monroe triple-bill which featured a very rare experimental short constructed of footage from a stag party film that she made early in her career. *Marilyn Times Five* was imported from San Francisco at great expense of funds and nerves and afforded the ICFS its first run in with the formidable Ontario Film Review Board (brickbat awarded to Her Highness, Mary Brown—the wretch). Avant-garde is an ICFS staple and last year witnessed evenings featuring Kenneth Anger, Toronto's Atom Egoyan (whose *Next of Kin* achieved general release after its Innis screening), Phil Hoffman, and Innis' own Kay Armatage. Commercial films also found their way into the ICFS schedule: work by Welles, Truffaut, Hitchcock, and Cronenberg popped up throughout the year.

This year's schedule looks to be a similarly mixed bag. Already on the boards is a *Bladerunner*/*Metropolis* double-bill, a Canadiana night with David Cronenberg,

Michael Snow, Joyce Wieland and Rick Hancox, a spectacular (ahem) *Hallowe'en* double-bill with Larry (*It's Alive*) Cohen's *Demon* (*Cod Told Me To*) and John (*Hallowe'en*) Carpenter's remake of *The Thing*.

Not hard to see why the ICFS has earned the "eccentric" epithet...

But half of the year is, as yet, unscheduled, and that's because the ICFS relies upon film suggestions from its members.

That means you.

The first meeting of the year is on September 19 at 5 o'clock, and the refreshments are free so you can't really lose, can you? Nepe, ya can't. Hey, we're amiable. So bring your double-bill suggestions to Room 305 (Old Innis) (follow the signs posted) on September 19 at 5 o'clock and exercise your right to choose films (any films—I said we're amiable) that you want to see. This meeting cum wine and cheese party will be followed by our first double bill (at 7 o'clock)—two "road films", Dennis Hopper's *Easy Rider* and Jean-Luc Godard's *Weekend*.

We dearly want new members, so don't be shy; it's relatively painless and it's a fun (!) group. You don't have to take any cinema courses to join up an' hep y'know. So think about what you'd like to see and come meet the fambly on the 19th.

Incidentally, if you're interested in contributing to the Review section of *The Herald*, we do need folks to write film, record, dance, theatre and book reviews (food reviews too) as well as other entertainment-based articles ("This is our most desperate hour," as Princess Leia so eloquently put it...), so come talk to us at *The Herald* office in room 305.

Don't be afraid of Jimmy and Paul, they only look scary.

Cet your name in print! (Hey this could be the start of something big; Barbara Amiel had to start somewhere, right?)

Hey ho, let's go!

Innis Film Society.....Schedule for Fall 1985

- | | |
|----------|--|
| Sept. 19 | <i>Easy Rider</i> / <i>Weekend</i> (road film double bill) |
| Sept. 26 | <i>Who's That Knockin' On My Door</i> / <i>Dementia 13</i> (Italian-American festival) |
| Oct. 10 | <i>Lamentations</i> pt. 1 (pt. 2 at ACO on Oct. 11) |
| | Bruce Elder's latest avant-garde extravaganza |
| Oct. 17 | <i>Blood Simple</i> (Joel Cohen's trendy thriller) |
| Oct. 31 | (Larry Cohen's) <i>Demon</i> (<i>Cod Told Me To</i>) / (John Carpenter's) <i>The Thing</i> |
| Nov. 7 | Canadian Content Festival: <i>Crimes of the Future</i> (David Cronenberg) / <i>Waterworld</i> (Rick Hancox) / <i>So Is This</i> (Michael Snow) / <i>A-Z</i> (Michael Snow) / <i>A&B In Ontario</i> (Joyce Wieland and Hollis Frampton) / <i>Rot Life and Diet in North America</i> (Joyce Wieland) |
| Nov. 21 | <i>Metropolis</i> (yes, Giorgio Moroder's disco version) / <i>Bladerunner</i> (Ridley Scott) |
| Nov. 28 | Michael Cartmell / Barbara Sternberg (two local avant-garde film artists screening and discussing their work). |

N.B. All screenings will be in the Town Hall on Thursdays at 7:00. All films are subject to change — especially since we are negotiating to bring two famous New York avant-garde filmmakers to town this fall. Watch this space for further news.

THE POP SCENE!

from the Innis Herald Video Bureau.

by Pierre Blum

With the onslaught of twentieth century mixed media, most forms of communication could be deemed to be incomplete unless they incorporate at least two (if not more) varieties of media.

There. I said it. With that opening sentence, I have hoped to lend credibility to a newspaper column that might otherwise be the recipient of much sarcasm: "A rock video column in the *Innis Herald*! Pierre, be sure to include that one in your resume."

Ha ha ho ho and bee hee. Rock videos are indeed a veritable part of the music industry, indeed a veritable form of communication, and during the remainder of this year, I hope to explore the great and not-so-great aspects of this genre of... of life. For was it not Julius Caesar himself who declared, "Veni, vidi, video" ("I came, I saw, I watched")?

For years, historians have tried to unravel the mystery of just what it was that Caesar was watching. My studies in this field — which have taken me from the Via Appia to the Via Brunswick, from Cræcia to Crossman's — have led me to believe that Caesar was in fact referring to Toronto Rocks.

In all seriousness, I do not pretend to think that videos are paramount to the music itself. Videos are merely a way to enrich a particular component of the song that they present.

Simply put, a song has four basic elements: composer, performer, music, and lyrics. The music is hegemonous. It takes precedence, since the song's music should be good if it is to be a good song, regardless of the other components. Good lyrics are not necessary, and good composers have put out bad material, as have good performers. Good music, thus, is the keystone upon which a song should rest ("good" is being used in terms that pen cannot put to paper — if you want to discuss semantics, buy me a beer).

Hence, videos emphasize one or all (but never none) of the four components of that particular song. To a song, they can add insight, interpretation, imagination, infatuation, intoxication, illumination, or a million other elements.

To neglect a piece of music's potential for visual impact is to neglect a new frontier of the imagination.

Certainly, music sons visuals leaves one's own imagination free to comb the depths of one's personal relation to that particular piece of music. Nevertheless, one should embrace a visual interpretation of that piece of music by someone other than himself (i.e. the video's director) since one's own imagination is probably such a piece of shit.

Now since this is the Frosh Orientation issue of the *Herald*, I'd imagine your capacity of pedantic dissertation has just about been reached. Thus, let us get down to the nitty gritty: a no-holds-barred review of some of this summer's noteworthy video samplings.

TEARS FOR FEARS — Everybody Wants to Rule the World — By itself, this video is nothing more than mediocre, and in comparison with "Shout" it is more than disappointing. They have style and talent, but need a more interesting visual presentation.

CINO VANELLI — Black Cars — Holy Shit, Gino actually has a good song and a wild video. As long as he doesn't own fuzzy dice, this one gets the thumbs up.

STYLE COUNCIL — Walls Come Tumbling Down — Both the song and the video are full of energy, but the video lacks originality where the song does not. Paul Weller has a great 'do, and wild shades, though.

RATIONAL YOUTH — No More, No Less — This is a superb video, well shot, and with fantastic acting by all involved. By the way, I was in it. What more can be said?

WHAM! — Everything She Wants — George Michael is so damn cool that I too am adopting the stubble-on-the-face look. The video has exceptional use of black and white, especially in utilizing the shadow effect of crowd movement in its opening scenes. George Michael is damn cool.

PAUL HARDCASTLE — 19 — The left's answer to Rambo. I guess. Powerful footage combines to get the message across — something like being hit in the head with a brick. The song itself is amazing and I would

prefer a more original method of presentation, although this one works quite well for H-H-H-H-Hardcastle.

PLATINUM BLONDE — Crying Over You — Have I mentioned that George Michael is cool? Well so are Platinum Blonde, who prove that they are smarter than the average cub by giving up the leather and spandex for suits straight out of Miami Vice. Second guessing the record-buying public has paid off well for these gents.

DURAN DURAN — A View To A Kill — "Bon... Simon Le Bon." The video's a stinker, but that line saved it. Did I mention that I was in the Rational Youth video?

CODLEY AND CREME — Cry — Do you take acid? If you do, take some before this video and trip... I mean, this is bizarre and stuff. Faces melting into faces melting into... wait, get me my 3-D glasses.

MOTLEY CRUE — Smoking in the Boys' Room — Cool, but dumb. It's a video that reminds me of Chinese food: one hour later and you feel like you didn't see it at all. It needs naked women or something to make it interesting (Pig — eds.).

MOTORHEAD — Killed By Death — Lemmy returns from the grave — what a concept! Strap on your studded wristbands, kids, 'cause this video rips. It's so raunchy, I could eat leather. Where's my denim vest? Where's my Harley?

MADONNA — Get Into the Groove — The Queen of Armpit Hair is at it again, and going steadily downhill. "Borderline" was her first and remains unparalleled after several more attempts. I don't envy Sean Penn so much these days.

So there you have it. And don't you just hate me for it? Call me names, I love it — and remember, I'll be back next issue, so go ahead and rip off a letter to the ed. Until next issue, keep your eyes peeled for a new video by Larry Flynt featuring footage from several years back of David Lee Roth and Boy George engaging in a passionate lust affair. It'll be called "Stroking in the Boys' Room" (*You're fired, Pierre* — eds.).



Platinum Blonde's New Look!

DAVE'S FAVES

OR HOW I WASTED MY SUMMER

The following article in no way reflects the views, opinions, aesthetic judgement or writing style of the editorial collective of The Innis Herald.

by Dave Shaw

The motion pictures released this summer were numerous and somewhat varied. Most were well-made and many were action-packed. Some contained a message, others appear to be searching for one. In short, the only reason for grouping these films together is their seasonal appearance. Of course, in the past few years most studios have reaped their greatest rewards from summer audiences. Thus, it should come as no surprise that most of the films had large budgets, with an

and adventure.

Pre-eminent among these films is *Rambo: First Blood Part II*, the first box-office smash of the summer. Besides being a mega-hit in North America, it also played to large audiences in Beirut and El Salvador. Sylvester Stallone returned to reprise the role he made famous in *First Blood* (1982), that of John J. Rambo, the ultimate Vietnam veteran. His goal: search or missing P.O.W.'s. Richard Crenna (star of the 1976 T.V. movie *Devil Dog—The Hound of Hell*) (He's done more than that, Dave - eds.) reprises his role as Rambo's commanding officer. The plot line of rescuing P.O.W.'s is hardly original (and neither are your observations, Dave-eds.)—Chuck Norris enjoyed great success recently with *Missing In Action* and *Missing In Action II: The Beginning*. But treating a serious subject with a superficial revisionist viewpoint is nothing new. This form of exploitation was done to perfection as early as 1970 in director Jack Starrett's classic *The Losers*, in which William Smith, Paul Koslo, and a couple of other bikers almost won the war in Indochina.

Stallone co-wrote the script with James Cameron, director of last year's action-packed Arnold Schwarzenegger vehicle *The Terminator*. Incidentally, Schwarzenegger's next film, *Commando*, appears to be following in the same tradition as *Rambo*. Perhaps the most interesting news is Stallone's next project, (after *Rocky IV*)—a film based on the life of Edgar Allan Poe, for which he has written the script and will star as the master of the Macabre.

The aforementioned Arnold Schwarzenegger returned to the world of Robert E. Howard in *Red Sonja*. This time he inexplicably abandoned the role of Conan for a mere Hyrkanian prince Kallidor. Danish model Brigitte Nielsen (soon to be married to Sylvester Stallone with whom she co-stars in *Rocky IV*) essayed the title role—a female counterpart to Conan. Sandahl Bergman, the heroine of the first Conan film returned as an evil queen to menace Sonja. Ronald Lacey (perhaps best remembered as Toht, the Nazi agent in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*—(who could forget-eds.) co-stars as her villainous henchman. Paul Smith (the jailer in *Midnight Express* and Bluto in Robert Altman's *Popeye*) co-stars in a serio-comic role. The musical score by Ennio Morricone (perhaps best remembered for *The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly*) provides an effective aural accompaniment. Hopefully, film adaptations of Howard's other heroes, Kull and Solomon Kane, may soon become realities.

Turning from pre-historic times to 19th century America, audiences found two westerns vying for their attention. *Pale Rider* was Clint Eastwood's first western in nine years (since *The Outlaw Josey Wales*; not counting the modern day western he made in 1980, *Bronco Billy*).

He returned to the genre which first brought him success, first with small parts in such low budget items as *Star in the Dust* and *Ambush at Cimarron Pass* to



Richard (Devil Dog: The Hound of Hell) Crenna and Rambo (Sylvester Stallone).

national fame on television in *Rawhide* to superstardom as *The Man with No Name* in Sergio Leone's trilogy of spaghetti westerns. Following in the auteur tradition of Charlie Chaplin, producing, directing, and starring in his films, and by using such archetypes as *Shane* for models. Clint (Mr. Eastwood to you Dave-eds.) ebulliently evokes the mysterious, enigmatic role of Preacher. Michael Moriarty (co-star of *Q: The Winged Serpent*) and Carrie Snodgrass (who was nominated for an Oscar in 1970 for *Diary of a Mad Housewife*) co-star as ranchers. Richard Kiel plays the giant Club in a pantomime cameo. John Russell, a veteran Western star, portrays the hired gun, Stockburn, whose resemblance to Clint's old nemesis, Lee Van Cleef, is remarkable. Which raises the inevitable question: why didn't the casting department get Lee for the role? Imagine—a reunion two decades later.

Silverado might have become another *Heaven's Gate*. Michael Cimino's 1980 western cost \$44 million; *Silverado* cost \$32 million (\$12 million less! -eds.). Producer/director/co-writer Lawrence Kasdan's film achieves a synthesis of almost every cliché of the genre; the plot details the adventures of four men in the days of the Old West. Although it follows in the tradition of ensemble acting established in Kasdan's *The Big Chill*, certain actors make memorable impressions, particularly John Cleese (in a dramatic role!) as a sheriff, Scott Glenn (from *Apocalypse Now* and *The Keep*) as one of the leads, Brian Dennehy (the sheriff in the original *First Blood* and the pilot in *Never Cry Wolf* as a cheerfully villainous sheriff, and, in the role of Hoyt, and eye-patched henchman, Ted White (who portrayed Jadon Voorhes, the masked killer in the unfortunately titled *Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter*).

St. Elmo's Fire might be described as "The Little Chill" (and has been time and time again Dave-eds.). Reuniting some of the cast of *The Breakfast Club*, Emilio Estevez (Martin Sheen's son), Ally Sheedy, and Judd Nelson, with four other teenagers Rob Lowe, Demi Moore, Mare Winningham, and Andrew McCarthy, the film revolves around various complications in their lives. Martin Balsam has a cameo appearance as Mare Winningham's father (Is this all you have to say Dave-eds.) A far more interesting film is *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome*, a brilliant action comedy. Mel Gibson returns as Mad Max Rockatanky, now matching wits against rock goddess Tina Turner (as Auntie Entity) in a post-apocalyptic hamlet called Bartertown. Bruce Spence (the gyrocopter pilot in *The Road Warrior*) reprises his role and honours go to Angelo Rossitto, the Master, who possesses the scientific knowledge necessary to keep Bartertown electrified. Rossitto's interesting career goes as far back as Tod Browning's 1932 classic *Freaks*. He co-starred with Bela Lugosi in *Spooks Run Wild* (1941) and in Bela's only film to be released in colour, *SCARED TO DEATH* (1947). Numbered among his later works are director Al Adamson's 1971 schlock classics, *Brain of Blood* and *Dracula vs. Frankenstein* (the latter being the last film of Lon Chaney Jr. and J. Carol Naish). George Miller co-directed this third *Mad Max* film with George Ogilvie, a move which left Miller more opportunity to concentrate on the action sequences.

John Boorman, who directed such interesting films and *Deliverance*, *Zardoz*, *Exorcist II: The Heretic*, and *Excalibur*, made his return to the screen after an absence of four years with *The Emerald Forest*. Turning from Arthurian legend to an Amazon background, Boorman

returns to the wilderness which brought him success in *Deliverance*. Powers Boothe (who starred in a 1980 Deliverance-type film, *Southern Comfort*) stars as an industrialist searching for his son who was kidnapped a decade before by Indians. Charley Boorman, the director's son, plays the grown-up son (he also had a small role in *Excalibur* as did his two older sisters). Some scenes resemble *Altered States*, but with lots of jungle foliage. A film with a moral, similar to last year's *Koyaanisqatsi*.

D.A.R.Y.L. stars Barret Oliver (who co-starred in *Cocoon* as David, Wilford Brimley's grandson) as a Data Analyzing Robot Youth Lifeform—a boy with the mind of a computer, able to accomplish great feats of technological wizardry. Trouble arises when the military echelon wants to eliminate him. Barret starred in Wolfgang Petersen's 1984 film *The Never Ending Story* and portrayed a young Victor Frankenstein in Walt Disney's short film, *Frankenweenie*. He has been interviewed by *Starlog* magazine and by Merv Griffin (h k. Dave -eds.). Colleen Camp (of *Apocalypse Now* and the forthcoming *Clue*) co-stars as Daryl's best friend's mother. Daryl's father is played by Michael McKean, who starred in *This is Spinal Tap*. A very good film; read the novelization.

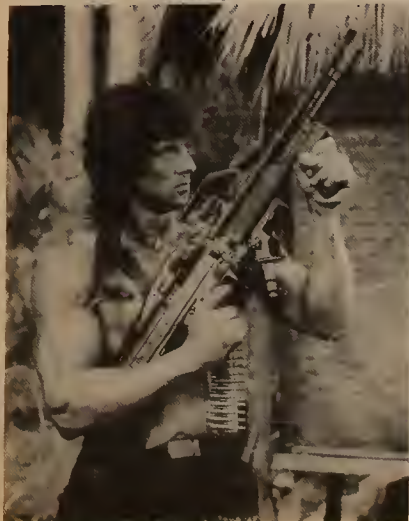
Prizzi's Honor unites Jack Nicholson with his real-life girlfriend, Angelica Huston, daughter of John Huston, who directed the film (Huston acted opposite Nicholson in Polanski's *Chinatown*). Jack plays a hit man who falls in love with another member of his profession (Kathleen Turner). Complications result when each is ordered to kill the other. The film is based on the novel by Richard Gordon, who also wrote *Winter Kills* (John Huston starred in the film adaptation). *Prizzi's Honor* represents an interesting attempt to revive The Godfather-type genre of gangster films popular in the early 1970s.

John Huston returned (as the narrator) in Walt Disney's 25th animated feature film, *The Black Cauldron* (released everywhere in 70 mm). Based on *The Chronicles of Prydain* by Lloyd Alexander, particularly the second book, the film captures the spirit of the work, which has been compared to J.R.R. Tolkien and C.S. Lewis at their finest. John Hurt superbly evokes the character of the villainous Horned King (who actually appears in the first part *The Book of Three* of the 5-volume series). Arthur Malet, Nigel Hawthorne, John Byner, and Freddie Jones (who played the monster in *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed*) provide some of the other voices. A wonderful Donald Duck cartoon, *Chips Ahoy*, guest starring Chip 'n Dale, is an added feature.

Lifeforce is director Tobe Hooper's first film since *Polyester* (1981)—not counting the Billy Idol video, *Dancing With Myself*. Originally entitled *Space Vampires*, this science fiction/horror tale poses the question: what if astronauts studying Halley's Comet discovered dormant vampires in a spaceship and brought them back to earth? The vampire attacks increase geometrically until all of London (the film was made in Britain) is besieged. Steve Railsback (star of *The Stunt Man*) plays the lead astronaut who falls in love with the lead vampire (Mathilda May). Capable support is supplied by Peter Firth as an S.A.S. man turned vampire killer and Frank Finlay as a vampire expert.

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Rambo again.



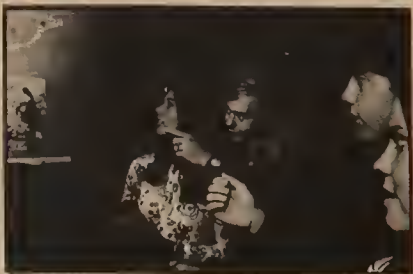
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Arts are concerned with the effects of an increase rather than a decrease in the support given to them by government. The Arts, then, clearly support themselves through their efforts in the private sector. As they emphasized, "(they) gave much more away to the government in taxes that (they) took back in return." Budget cuts for the Arts will have only a minor detrimental effect and indeed if accompanied by tax cuts will in fact improve the financial position of the Arts in this city.

The amount of misunderstanding which has been created by the defenders of public funding for the Arts is almost criminal. As this student's simple bit of investigative reporting illustrates the truth about the Arts does not lie very far below the surface. They are not threatened or in a state of decay as a result of the budget cuts; they are instead healthy and are growing more rapidly than ever before. There is no need for major outlays of public funds for facilities or bilingualism; facilities are more than adequate and the Arts are already bilingual. Their overall impact has not shown the slightest change. All of this becomes perfectly understandable when it is remembered that public funding plays a minor and unimportant role in supporting the independent and hardworking Arts. They have flourished and will flourish in the private sector.

"...students need not be taught about the Arts in school; they can get out and learn all about them independently, without the aid of government funded university programmes and well-trained professors."

The ease with which such widely and passionately held misconceptions can be dispelled is proof in itself of the weakness of the argument in favour of continued public funding for the Arts. The Arts are immediately and completely accessible; they spoke to me candidly and easily and the information they yielded was shocking in its simplicity and truth. I lead me to contemplate the possibility of a conspiracy operating at the highest levels of a censorship of the Arts. The supporters of public funding criticize the Progressive Conservative government; however, this study proves that the budget cutters are judicious and wise policy makers. It also proves that student need not be taught about the Arts in school; they can get out and learn all about them independently, without the aid of government funded university programmes and well-trained professors.

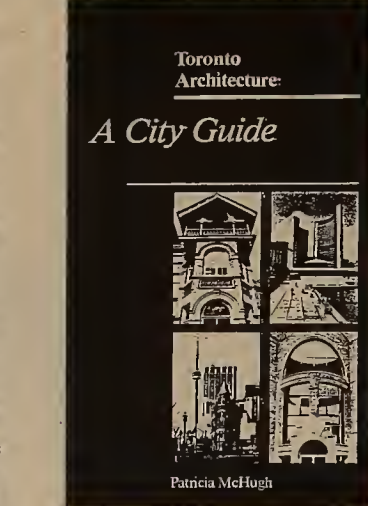


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Back to the Future succeeds as a time travel comedy. Television actor Michael J. Fox (star of the soon-to-be-released *Teen Wolf*) stars as a teenager who journeys to 1955 in a DeLorean. Along the way he must bring about the first meeting of his parents. Christopher Lloyd (the Klingon leader from *Star Trek III: The Search for Spock* and star of the upcoming film version of the popular board game, *Clue*) excels as the benevolent mad scientist who initiates the voyage. A Steven Spielberg presentation of a Robert Zemeckis film, it appears to be beating the re-release of *E.T.* at the box office.

The Coonies, directed by Richard Donner, is also presented by Spielberg. It features the return to the screen of Ke Huy Quan after his debut in last year's *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*. Co-starring with him are Sean Astin (son of John Astin and Patty Duke) and Corey Feldman (from last year's *Gremlins* and *Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter*—he played the one who kills Jason). *The Goonies* is an intriguing adventure film detailing what happens when a group of kids go looking for buried pirate treasure in their own neighborhood and get chased by crooks.

Cocoon combines a veteran cast with the producers of *Jaws* and the director of *Splash*, Ron Howard. Don Ameche, Wilford Brimley, and Hume Cronyn discover the fountain of youth in a swimming pool, made possible by extraterrestrials storing recovered cocoons of their fellow aliens there. Brian Dennehy (also in *Silverado*) co-stars as the chief alien. Children of two stars appear as aliens: Tawnee Welch, daughter of Raquel, and Tyrone Power Jr. This was the first film to be released in



by Adam Soboluk

TORONTO ARCHITECTURE: A CITY GUIDE by Patricia McHugh (Mercury Books, Toronto, 1985) (dist. by Methuen) 264pp. \$14.95

Although Toronto, with its lively and diverse and humane neighbourhoods has long been a place of pilgrimage for North American urbanologists — after all, Jane Jacobs chose it as a place to live — Torontonians have long been naive in regard to their architecture. Of the two substantial scholarly works — Eric Arthur's *Toronto: No Mean City* and William Dendy's *Lost Toronto* — the latter is limited in scope and the former today seems rather archaic; in between lay a lot of urban reform histrionics, architect's backslapping, journalistic be-dazzlement and students' essays, and the common platitudes about the New City Hall being terrific and Roberts Library being awful. And no decent, informed architectural guidebook. Like the proverbial ten-cent cigar, an architectural guidebook is what a metropolis needs nowadays to lose its innocence. Concentrating on the way the city looks rather than where its best restaurants and shops and lodgings are, it is a Thinking Man's primer to the city, and gives the city a good image to attract more Thinking Men. Yet Buffalo had us beat, in 1981! (Though Buffalo has masterpieces by Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright to contend with.)

As usual, it took an outsider to give Toronto what it needs; Patricia McHugh has been living here for only 12 years. But *Toronto Architecture: A City Guide* is just what the doctor ordered — finally, a true-to-life guide to the city's architecture, written with knowledge and wit for residents and visitors alike, taking us out of the wilderness and into the big time. It's a shame the dose isn't big enough, but the fact that it exists at all to stimulate people's interest in the form of the city, makes this volume an immense blessing.

Toronto with Lucasfilm's THX sound system (the second was *Silverado*).

Now, to turn to the best film of the summer—*Fright Night*. Chris Sarandon is magnificent as the vampire who moves next door to a teenager (William Ragsdale, who resembles a young Roddy MacDowall). What is there to do but to call in a professional vampire killer? Enter Peter Vincent (superlatively portrayed by Roddy MacDowall), the local hero of a television show called *Fright Night*. Roddy is the best vampire killer since Peter Cushing.

Parenthetically, Chris Sarandon co-starred with Peter Cushing in the 1980 T.V. movie *A Tale of Two Cities*, after starring in a 1977 horror film, *The Sentinel*, which also starred John Carradine; he also co-starred in Sam Peckinpah's last film, *The Osterman Weekend*. Roddy MacDowall is no newcomer to the horror genre either, having starred in the pilot for *Night Gallery*, *The Legend of Hell House*, *Arnold* and *It!*

Written and directed by Tom Holland, *Fright Night* contains many enjoyable, subtle references to other films, such as clips from *Premature Burial*, *Children Shouldn't Play With Dead Things* and a Christopher Lee *Dracula* film. Roddy's room is decorated with photographs and posters featuring Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff, and John Carradine. The film contains great photography, terrific special visual effects and an energetic climax similar to the classic *Horror of Dracula*. A commendable film illustrating what cinema as an art form is capable of producing (Yeah, right Dave -eds.).

Of course, this survey covers only a portion of the deluge of summer movies. The reason why space was not

The format is traditional: 20 walking tours in Downtown Toronto (centering upon districts like the Annex and the Old Town and the Financial District, or arteries like University Avenue and Yonge and Jarvis Streets), with each notable building on the route described from a historical-architectural standpoint, certain pauses to admire the urban landscape, and introductory paragraphs summarizing the "areas" (covering from 1 to 3 tour routes). There is also a glossary of architectural terms and a description of building styles through history (including two unique Toronto genres, "Bay'n'Cables" and the Queen Anne-Romanesque hybrid "Annex House"). In general, the book is quite well disposed — no tacky follow-me arrows on the maps, folks — with the only conspicuous faults in the index, where the comment on notable architects is underemphasized, and indexing of historical figures is inexpressibly eschewed altogether, so you'll have a tough time looking for all the places where Bishop Strachan did something interesting.

As an architectural journalist, McHugh has this going for her: she's compellingly objective when speaking of all eras and styles, and happily free of cliché. In fact, Toronto is so starved of intelligent journalism, one might wish for greater objectivity — as well as further indications of outside influence, for it is still too easy to feel that these buildings were designed in a vacuum. The author is stepping gingerly upon *terra incognita*, in other words. But McHugh still does a praiseworthy job in conveying the "easy" race that suggests for Toronto a very special urban fabric; in one case, at least — the documentation of residential architecture, in areas such as the Annex and Don Vale — the results are superlative and meet their goal of being "valuable to scholars".

Yet there is one major fault with this book; the area covered is far too small (bounded approximately by the railway lands, Bathurst, the Don, and Bloor/Davenport/Dupont), and while this is probably meant for convenience's sake, it provides a misleading impression of a city whose vitality spreads far and fluidly beyond the downtown area. Not only is the waterfront, the Islands, Rosedale, et al, not discussed, there is little indication that these areas, some of them highly involved in local controversy, even exist. Actually, another volume is promised, but it will be superfluous; the extra chapters should be added to future editions of the guide, so all of Toronto will be knit together as it is in real life, and the reader will not be deceived into paying twice as much to get the full pleasure. We're not so snobbish as to say that one side of Bathurst is Hatfield, the other McCoy, are we?

One can also notice a few buildings of note disappearing in the interstices. There is no real discussion of the urban context around the New City Hall (the Sheraton Centre, etc.), for example, and the only mansion on St. George south of Bloor discussed is F.H. Cumberland's Pendarvis (the International Student Centre), which McHugh says was moved for the Calbraith Building (wrong — the Forestry Building was moved). The impending doom of the railway lands redevelopment is implied, but we look in vain for the completed and ungainly Metro Convention Centre, which many of us remember as being extremely controversial for its lack of architectural quality. And somehow, McHugh manages to be kind to Sidney Smith Hall.

Sure, we can all quibble, but *Toronto Architecture: A City Guide* has still done a great service for the city — it has opened our eyes. For, you see, an architectural guidebook is not just for the Thinking Man. It is an educational experience even for the long-time resident. Suddenly, the buildings we see every day are seen in a whole new light. We can tell what's good and what's bad, and we can use our resources to keep Toronto being The City That Works. We should be thankful. Goodbye naïveté; Patricia McHugh, Hogtown salutes you.

given to *A View To A Kill*, *Return To Oz*, *Explorers*, *The Legend of Billie Jean*, *The Man With One Red Shoe*, *Pee-wee's Big Adventure*, *My Science Project*, *Wierd Science*, *Real Genius*, and *Return of the Living Dead* was mainly because I had not seen them by prestime. Overall, the summer of 1985 was not that bad compared to other years. Now I look forward to all the Christmas movies.



More Rambo.



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CLASSIFIEDS

reprinted from the Innis Herald Archives

PERSONAL

Aging Lecher and Saint would like to meet lusty young peasant girls in barn on my estate. Object: a quick roll in the hay without complications (I have a shrewish wife). Holy Father, stop me before I sin again. L. Tolstoy, "Yasnaya Polyana," Russia.

I Will Jump Off Brooklyn Bridge if you don't write me. H. Crane, NY Box 2890.

I'll Take Tha', Lass, like an animal after we run clean-limbed and naked through the leaf-strewn forest in the rain. Mellors, c/o Chatterley, England.

Attractive, Refined, Romantic Housewife seeks discreet liaison with similarly situated gentleman. I am a prisoner in a petit-bourgeois household and the fulfillment has fled from my marriage. I fantasize a soldier with fierce, bristling moustaches. Enjoy horseback riding. E. Bovary, NY, Box 8932.

Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou, Romeo? J. Capulet, Box 9543.

Bardic, Bearded Male, AC-DC, seeks correspondence with lusty lads and strong pioneer girls with sunburnt cheeks. Do I contradict myself? Very well I contradict myself. (I am large. I contain multitudes.) W. Whitman, Camden, N. J., Box 342.

Self-Styled Male Chauvinist Pig available for hate sessions at your consciousness-raising group. N. Mailer, NY, Box 2984.

Franny, for chrissake enough of that Jesus-prayer. It's driving me nuts. Zoocy.

Thank Heaven for Little Girls! I am interested in photographing them, talking with them, telling them fantastical little stories. L. Carroll, Box 2943.

Churning, Thrusting, Groping, building, twisting, slithering, testing, shuddering, deepening, intensifying, exploding—and the earth moved. Does that interest you, daughter? Write to "Papa," Box 5435.

Quiet, Withdrawn Aesthete seeks correspondence with working-class young men. Object: deeper relationship. Maurice, Box 3892.

Young Woman, spirited, sensitive, trapped in a dull marriage seeks discreet correspondence and perhaps affair. Object: suffering. A. Karenina, Box 5890.

Jewish Man whose happiest sexual experience thus far involved a piece of liver seeks mature relationship with aware, undemanding female. A. Portnoy, Box 9642.

Ambrose, Come Home. Family misses you and forgives your vitriolic humor at the breakfast table. Anyone with knowledge of whereabouts of Ambrose Bierce please write his wife c/o Box 3589.

Daisy Buchanan, from my mansion in West Egg each night I watch the winking green light on your pier. Can't we begin again? What we had together once is too much to throw away. J. Gatsby, Box 9043.

RENTALS

Exchange. Cork-lined room in Montmartre for same overlooking Faubourg St. Germain. M. Proust, Box 3490.

Summer Sublet. Small house built with my own hands in woody area near Walden Pond available Memorial Day through Labor Day. No groupies. H. Thoreau, Box 2849.

SERVICES

Aphorisms and other witticisms for sale. Suitable for buttons and bumper stickers. Sample: "Foxhunting is the unspeakable pursuing the inedible." Write O. Wilde, 076315, Reading Gaol, London, England.

FESTIVAL PREVIEW

by Jim Shedden

As Toronto's annual Festival of Festivals approaches, I find myself already disappointed. What snotty film scholar wouldn't be depressed to discover that this year's "innovative" line-up includes such "gems" as *Divia*, *Pixote* and *Return of the Seacacus Seven*?

All is not hopeless, though. Bruce Kirkland has chosen Mark Reichert's *Union City* as one of his two selections for Looking Back, as section of the festival reserved for the chosen favourites of industry fat cats and journalistic hacks.

Union City is, of course, an awful film. But it is infinitely more stimulating than being subjected to pretty art films that appear (again and again) on the repertory scene.

Why is *Union City* this writer's most-awaited event of the festival? Certainly not because of its poor attempt at black comedy, its insipid characters, nor its hackneyed chronicle of marital tensions—and most definitely not because of its godawful pseudo-New Wave aesthetic (c.f. *Divia*).

Why then? Deborah Harry. A terrible singer and a worse actress but a wonderful pop icon. Most of all, though, a timeless reminder of the utter disposability of pop culture. Remember "Heart of Glass"? "Hanging on the Telephone"? "The Tide is High"? "Call Me"? Sure you do—you just don't want to admit it.

In the beginning there was Blondie. Those other New Music goddesses, Madonna and Cyndi, are lots of fun but let's not forget the original Marilyn usurper: Debbi Harry. She changed my life.

Stay tuned next issue for more complete, astute and responsible Festival coverage.

BERSANI & CARLEVALE MOVES SOUTH

by Michelle Bailey

Someone finally realized that Innis College's food served at the Stub Lane Pub was rapidly deteriorating in quality. Now they are going to do something about it. Finally, I say, as an ex-meal-planner at the Pub.

The goal of the new Pub is a more up-to-date restaurant where exciting food is available. The eatery called Bersani and Carlevale is the role model for the new pub.

To begin with, before tackling the food issue, some basic renovations have been implemented in order to improve the atmosphere. The pub has been painted a vibrant white with all the pillars and railings a stunning cherry red. The serving area has been painted a bright yellow to help liven it up. The banquettes, or benches as we know them, have a red base with grey seats. Green plants have been placed in pots along the wheelchair ramp, which, incidentally, has been resurfaced with special non-slip tiling. The entire pub has been retiled, including the serving area which was previously hardwood. Yellow, red, and mauve sail cloth has been intertwined and draped through the skylight area to help emphasize it and liven up the atmosphere. White trays have replaced the old ones to complement all the renovations.

The proposed menu at least sounds mouthwatering. A salad with sliced turkey, mushrooms, black olives, green and red peppers topped with grated parmesan cheese tempts my tummy. The choice of hot entrees include cheese perogies in tomato sauce, Swedish meatballs with brown rice and capers and cheese-filled cannelloni with spinach and tomatoes (well, it's an improvement on Noodle Surprise, I must say—ed.).

Six types of sandwiches have been proposed with a microwave oven available to warm up your sandwich if you like. An example is the Innis Deluxe. It's a couched beef sandwich on toasted Pioneer bread with shredded swiss cheese, mayonnaise, horseradish, garlic, shredded cabbage, and sour cream, served with French Fried Onion Rings.

Creat desserts are available to end your scrumptious meal. These include such tasty treats as muffins, fresh fruit salad and mmmmmmmmm french pastries.

To top off your meal, the regular coffee, tea, soft drinks and spirits are still available as well as delicious brio and cappuccino. Bon appetit.

Stay tuned next time where I'll review the food to see if Innis really is the place "where the elite meet to eat".



EMPLOYMENT WANTED

Salesman, out there on a shoestring and a smile, seeks new territory other than Boston area. W. Loman, Box 2348.

Continental Scholar, impeccable credentials, can teach anything from Latin to the French symbolists, getting over unhappy love affair and seeks new life teaching at boarding school for young girls age 12-24. H. Humbert, Box 4592.

Saltily Prostitute sought by successful author. Published novelist expecting to make a journey to Siberia shortly and needs someone to share expenses, experiences, etc. Typing required. F. Dostoevsky, Box 3956.

Physician, Jewish, conducting groundbreaking studies in role of the unconscious in human behavior, seeks to correspond with and/or meet hysterical young women. S. Freud, Box 4278.

The Innis Herald

IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHITE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

TIMELY SIGNIFICANCE

by P.D.P.

"Well, Halley's comet," said Bill, an old man sitting on the front porch.

"It is lovely and inspiring," said Edwina, his old wife beside him.

"It is terrifying," said Bill.

Some time elapsed as the visitors formulated an appropriate response. "You will explain yourself Bill," said the more adventuresome of the two, "the statement as it stands is willfully ambiguous when juxtaposed with your wife's observation. It requires further elaboration. We are not as well-educated as yourself Bill, you must not wax philosophical at our expense. It is both confusing and impolite. Remember, we are guests."

Edwina, accustomed to her husband's excesses shifted nervously in her seat.

Bill began: "It is Halley's comet, so named after Edmund Halley, famed English astronomer and contemporary of Sir Isaac Newton, who applied the law of gravitation to its motion. He found that the comet travelled in space in accordance with that law. He noted also that the comets of 1607, 1531, and 1456 had moved in much the same way; therefore came to the conclusion that these supposedly different comets were really one and the same body, which reappeared every seventy-five or seventy-six years."

Bill paused, "This is not in and of itself 'terrifying'. It may be as my wife aptly suggested, 'lovely and inspiring' to most, however to myself, and this response is of course purely subjective, it is 'terrifying' in a profoundly personal way."

"Continue Bill"

Edwina served the coffee and passed the tin of imported shortbread biscuits.

"You may find this absurd good neighbours, but to

'me', this comet which so gloriously lights up our bracketed view of the northern hemisphere, appears as a herald of my imminent death."

"The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes," laughed the more cynical neighbour.

Bill resumed, "Seventy-six years ago this day I was born. This celestial spectacle announced my insignificant birth. Now I am an old man, and this night it appears again, completing its revolution, achieving its perihelion as I achieve mine, compelling me in its mysterious way to perhaps another dimension of existence. I am not a stupid man."

"Ah then — Your fear is similar to Mr. Twain's"

"Yes, and it is also my own."

Bill turned, "It is true, dear Edwina, that these unearthly pyrotechnics are both 'lovely and inspiring' when viewed from the detached perspective of hope and renewed confidence in the future, and may well signify to the collective unconscious the never-ending archetypal circular, well... elliptical omnipresence of God's eternal patterns — however to 'me', who has to confront his corporeal mortality and is faced with the uneasy prospect of reviewing his trajectory while you lucky bastards don't, this experience is not particularly pleasant."

"This is not absurd at all Bill," said the more skeptical neighbour, "it is merely silly — there is a great difference you will grant me."

"We must drink the coffee," said Edwina.

"We must," rejoined Bill solemnly.

"Cheer up Bill. Don't be so gloomy. Why the way you're going, you'll probably outlive us all and live to see Halley's comet come round again," laughed the naive well-intentioned neighbour.

Bill did not die that night, nor did he live to see the return either.

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QUARREL IN THE TOOL SHED

by S.Z.

One night a quarrel started in the tool shed. The tools made such a noise shouting at each other that they woke up the garden roller.

"What's all the noise about?" he asked crossly. "Can't you let a fellow sleep?"

The tools all began to speak at once, and made more noise than ever.

"One at a time," ordered the garden roller.

Everyone was silent for a moment, then the lawn mower tried to explain things. "They will argue about which is the most useful tool. Spade says he is better than Rake, and Hose says he is more useful than any of them. I think there should be a king of the tool shed. Will you choose one and stop this silly quarrel?"

"Yes, yes," shouted all the tools. "Choose a tool. Choose a king. Choose the best tool."

The garden roller thought for a moment. Then he said:

"Wait till tomorrow night. I'll see who is used most

during the day. Go to sleep now, all of you."

The next day was fine and sunny and all the family came along to do some gardening. There was a lot of digging and raking and hoeing. Seeds were sown and flowers planted. The lawn was mown, the paths rolled and the whole garden was given a good watering. The tools were kept so busy that they had no time to quarrel.

When they were all back in the tool shed the lawn mower asked: "Please have you chosen the best tool for our king?"

The garden roller shook his head. "It seems to me," he said slowly, "that we are all as good as each other. We are wanted for different kinds of jobs. We have all been used a lot today, and what good work we have done. There is no need for a king. We are all equal and as good as each other. Good night."

The tools were pleased with this answer and settled down to sleep, for they were all very tired after their day's work.

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LIVE FROM VLAD

by Michelle Bailey

How many Vladnicks does it take to screw in a light-bulb? None, they're all too busy partying, so they are always in the dark.

A Vladnick, for those who don't already know, is a species of animal that belongs to the family called Innistits and resides at 651 Spadina. There are only 43 individuals at present, but there have been others in the past.

Vladimir House is a great place to live and a great place to visit. The parties Vlad hosts are notorious campus-wide and an experience that shouldn't be missed. Vlad's most famous party is the annual Toga bash which will be held this year (as always) in September. Watch this space for details.

Vladimir House is managed by a student who lives in the building and acts somewhat like a don. This year's house manager is Sally Kerwin, a second-year Innis student studying general sciences.

Remember Vlad as part of Innis College and a great place to meet people from all over Canada and even from other countries.

AUDITIONS FOR THE HART HOUSE CHORUS, 1985-1986

TORONTO: The Hart House Chorus, University of Toronto, will hold auditions for the coming season on Monday, September 9, Wednesday, September 11, and Monday, September 16, 1985 from 7 to 10 p.m. in Hart House on the St. George Campus.

Chorus membership is open to students, faculty, staff and alumnae of the University of Toronto. Under the leadership of John Tuttle the choir has performed major works with orchestra, plus a capella works from all periods of the literature. In August, 1985 they will undertake a two-week tour of Great Britain, with concerts in London, Canterbury, Coventry, and Edinburgh.

Applicants should prepare a short folksong, aria, lied, or other work. They will also be asked to sight-sing and sing some technical exercises. Applicants should have some choral experience, and will be judged on intonation, rhythm, phrasing, diction, and general musicianship.

For further information, contact:

Sandi Macdonald
Executive Secretary

742-8469

* icss

The following positions on the Innis College Student Society are still available:

- Social Rep
- Clubs Rep
- Farm Rep
- Education Rep

Anyone interested in these positions should contact Gilles, Heather or Sirje or me (Art Wilson). The positions may be billed by appointment but if enough interest is shown they will be elected when we elect the remaining council positions.



DESPERATELY SEEKING SPORTSWRITERS or THE SPORTS SECTION WE NEED

by Ellen Ladowsky

The task of defining the joys of sportswriting is clearly a most urgent one. For it seems that here at Innis the prevalent attitude towards the sports section is one of utter disgust. Sports writers are labelled "illiterate"; "the topics they write on unimportant in the scheme of things". In fact, I recently heard an Innis professor (who shall remain nameless) and our two editors profess proudly that they had never read a sports section. "It's pretty trivial stuff," they declared (revealing their deep-rooted concern with the metaphysical). Now their comment of course is a most simple-minded one, which really merits no attention; however I have chosen not to ignore it, for to me it is most frightening in its implications. Instead I have taken it upon myself to introduce these pathetic gentlemen (and those other overly cerebral and intensely deprived Innisites who share their view) to the joys of covering events here at Innis.

There are several advantages to being a sportswriter. One obvious benefit is the wide variety of choice you are offered. For you can cover varsity, intramural, or recreational matches; football, basketball, swimming, soccer, or even darts if you wish. There are other advantages as well. Writing for the sports section gives you that extra academic edge, something our metaphysical friends should really keep in mind. Roger Riendeau, the instructor of INN204, made this most clear to me. For it was in his class that I realized that no essay could receive an

'A' without a half dozen obtuse sports analogies of the kind picked up writing for the *Herald*.

Writing for the sports section also gives you an emotional outlet (something I detect as being much needed amongst you high-strung philosophers), and keeps your priorities straight. Worrying over the Blue Jays' fate in the pennant race is a therapeutic change from crying and gnashing your teeth over the role of the materialist conception of history in the modern technocracy. Unlike everything else you'll ponder at university, sports events provide simple and digestible answers. They bring you from the world of Heideggers, Hegels, and Habermases down into the realm of Odibé McDowells, Signor Smokes, and Baskerville Holmeses; they bring you into the realm of living.

On a more personal level, writing for the sports section offers a chance for great social adventure, the kind you dry as dust bookworms have probably only read about. Why, just last year on my first assignment, Lance Chomyk, former Innisite and present place-kicker for the Toronto Argonauts, insisted that I feel the six-inch difference between his legs (in order for me to verify that his right leg was indeed more muscular than his left). You can go to any bar in the city but I doubt you'll ever find excitement like that. It's all waiting for you — better grades, better health, and social adventure — all you have to do is get involved with the *Herald* sports section. Anyone is welcome. No expertise is required. We'll even accept intellectuals willing to change their wimpy ways.



Congratulations to Lance Chomyk, ex-Innisite, and, more importantly, ex-Herald contributor. Lance is now place-kicking for the Argos. See, there's hope for you yet. Interview next time. We hope.



WOMEN'S ATHLETICS

by Shanti Fernando

This year should shape up to be another fine one for Women's Athletics. There is a sport for everyone starting off in the fall with football, soccer and field hockey. During the rest of the year there are other sports such as hockey and volleyball to get involved in.

The most important thing in the athletic programme is to have enthusiasm and fun. If participation is high and there is lots of enthusiasm this year, we can continue on the upswing that our athletics took last year.

The best way to experience the spirit of the college is to get involved in the sport of your choice. It's also a great way to meet people and have a great time.



MEN'S ATHLETICS

by Mike Zryd

Dear Men,

It's going to be a fab year for men's athletics this year. Coming off our double championship season last year, with wins in tackle football and tackle ice hockey, we're adding two new teams in rugby and waterpolo. Both should offer more chances to hit people and get injured, so get out there and get physical.

Non-contact athletes need not feel neglected, though. Innis fields teams in basketball, volleyball, soccer, touch football, and squash and we hope to get huge turnouts for our "endless party" swimming and track and field teams.

Sports at Innis are fun, relaxed and a good way to get body and soul together. So collect your karma and sign up for your favorite sport(s) at registration.



CO-ED ATHLETICS

By Andre Czegledy

I know, I know, your mother always did warn you about Co-ed Athletics at university. I'll bet she said that once you begin to participate you'll start to enjoy yourself and your school marks will, of course, shoot up to the top of the class. Class, is that what I said, *she* probably said course, not class, or college not course — that is what she said, right? Just as I thought: your mother predicted that you might just fall into the trap of basking in the enjoyment of volleyball, innertube waterpolo and the like. Well, don't you pay heed to everything your mother ever told you. Come out to play co-ed sports — no pressure, just good, clean fun. We don't even keep score — except when we are winning — I will see you there.

**DEADLINE FOR
NEXT ISSUE:
SEPTEMBER 25TH**

DON'T BLOW IT.

ARE YOU

A

NUMMIE??!

"ARMPIT PIMPLES?"

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by P.D.P.

NO BAD STUFF

We the editorial collective of the *Innis Herald* feel that as a free press perhaps we've been neglecting our responsibility to our readers in offering some serious articles on alternative politics so we've decided to smarten up and get serious. Okay...so there's a lot of bad stuff going on in the world...honestly! In response to this we have formed a loose alliance with supporters worldwide to combat against bad stuff, and general nastiness. As a first step in our efforts to save the world we have drafted a form letter which we hope you will fill out and send to either Ronald Reagan or Mikhail

Gorbachev ... two really mean guys.

Letters can be sent care of the *Innis Herald* or mailed directly to the White House or the Kremlin. Ideally, you make two copies of the form letter and send one to each of them.

Other groups around the globe have also begun to mobilize against the increasing number of bad things happening the world over: we can win! Armed with our inspiring slogans and hearts so pure we can save the world...Down with bad things! Up with good things!



Dear Mr. _____
I think what you're doing is dumb. Cut it out!
Sincerely,

THE INNIS HERALD
PRESENTS

A WINE AND CHEESE SOIRÉE

SEPTEMBER 18TH
5:00 PM. RM. 305

PLEASE COME...
PLEASE.

CHOOSE INNIS



FUZZ SAY: IL N'Y A PAS DE HORS TEXTE.

Barthes and Lacan; only ~~Derrida~~

We take turns establishing our symmetry
But one is always in command of time,
And if we should be shot dead
Or burned in our bed,
The 3-D irregular chalkline will clearly
reveal who came out on top.